

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Comper.



"WHY, HUGH, THIS IS RICHARD WARDOUR'S SIGNATURE!"

THE FERROL FAMILY;

OR, "KEEPING UP APPEARANCES."
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN HILLS."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW.

VERY late in the night the handle of the study door was softly turned—so softly that Doctor Ferrol, deeply engrossed in his occupation, bending over a desk, writing slowly and carefully, did not hear the

slight sound. The letters which had come by the last post lay open before him. His wife touched his shoulder ere he perceived her; he started, and hastily crushed up the paper under his hand.

"Hugh, dear," she said, "we did not part pleasantly this evening; I beg your pardon."

She might have been a ghost, so white and wan she looked; tears brimming her large eyes, full also of a mournful and passionate tenderness.

"Oh, Hugh," she exclaimed, sinking on the ground before him, laying her meek head on his knees humbly, "I have been very miserable."

He threw that paper into the fire, and raised her in his arms and soothed her. "My poor Agatha," he called her. No sympathy in words did he express; but she understood the caress, and its meaning of remorseful regret, and his face hidden from her; for he knew he was unworthy to meet that look of confiding affection. And she pitied him, with a compassionate love which was almost pain.

"I should remember that you have so many things to trouble you, Hugh: I must learn to bear with a few cross words better, for I know you do not intend them to hurt me, dear. But I am not strong of late; very little makes me nervous and dispirited: you must forgive me, Hugh, and bear with me also, whenever I vex you."

And her poor little heart breathed a little suppressed sigh, like the checking of an involuntary sob. "Ah, Hugh," she said, with the same small sigh, "I never have nice long conversations with you now. You are always so busy and pre-occupied that I feel like an intruder; and I know you spare me the knowledge of things that fret you, dear; you ought to have had a clever wife, Hugh, that could manage everything without teasing you about it, and never be low-spirited, but always sensible and cheerful." Poor Agatha was much inclined to cry afresh at her own dissimilarity to this ideal, while her husband experienced rather a grateful sense of magnanimity, in overlooking these confessed deficiencies of hers, and in the consciousness that he really did spare her some of his anxieties.

But though not clever nor far-sighted, Agatha had a true perception of the cause of the blight that had come over their domestic happiness; she was one of those gentle beings who are unable to cope with an evil, and can only helplessly suffer the results. Wistfully she looked at her husband now, while her fingers pushed back his clustering hair, (very slender they seemed in the dark mass above his forehead,) and she felt brave enough to break the silence that had grown between them on that matter.

"Hugh," she asked, "will you be angry with me if I say something that has been weighing on my mind—even if it is very foolish?"

"No," he promised.

She tried to smooth with her hand a slight frown that had gathered between his brows. "For you know you did not marry a clever woman, Hugh, but only one that loves you!" His moodiness did not permit him to look pleased even at this tender little speech, which her simple heart thought would be very telling. "It is something about the way we are living, dear." She felt the contraction deepen, and hid her face on his shoulder, that she might not see his darkening expression.

"We are struggling too much; we are trying to do what is impossible, I am afraid. The anxiety is too heavy for you, Hugh; and for me—"

The once all-powerful argument she was content to indicate thus; she could have told of failing

strength and ebbing spirits; but her unselfishness thought little of these.

"If we could live in a small house somewhere, and had no carriage, nor any servants but just what we really wanted, oh, Hugh, we could be so happy! We need not care what anybody said of us—"

"And I could dig the garden, and cultivate radishes and cress, which would doubtless be very remunerative labour," he interposed sarcastically. "You know it is impossible for a man in my position to realize any such fool's paradise." He stirred the fire sharply with his disengaged hand.

"Somebody promised he would not be angry," pleaded his wife.

"Nor am I angry. But it is late to think of all this; we must go on as we have begun. Don't let yourself get into gloomy habits of anticipation, Agatha. I can look forward to the time when we shall be able to smile at our old embarrassments—when baby is a tall girl, and I have worked myself to the top of the wheel—"

He seemed no cheerful prophet, with a pale quivering face, that belied his vaticinations; he stood up to end the distasteful conference.

"There is no cause for your misgivings," he added, desirous to keep up the falsity of appearances even to her. But it is harder to deceive the quick eye of affection than a whole bench of lawyers; she tried to quell her apprehensions by an implicit credence—the effort failed.

"Don't you see how I have made way already?" he said hurriedly. "Sir Lancett says that he has seldom known a young practitioner to secure such good footing in the profession within a period comparatively very short. Mrs. Portland Plaice sent for me to-day, the family attendant being himself ill. An introduction in that quarter is worth a considerable income. Calm yourself, my little wife; my circumstances are not so desperate as you seem to imagine."

A white gleam on the crimson carpet beside her attracted her attention; she stooped for the sheet of paper which had fallen from his desk, and retained it in her hand as she answered: "I am very glad you told me, Hugh. I suppose it is because I do not understand business that I am apprehensive sometimes. Then it would comfort me to speak to you, for you are so much wiser and cleverer than I. May I speak to you, and tell you all my thoughts, whenever I am nervous about anything?"

"Of course," he said. "But endeavour to cultivate sensible and cheerful views of things."

"Ah, Hugh," she said, "you must wait till you have the other wife, after me—the clever woman who will be with you when you are a great man-by-and-by; and who will never tease or affront you, but know exactly what to say to you, and how to make you happy."

"Nonsense!" he said; "I hate clever women"—a circumstance true of most mediocrities among the stronger sex.

A few minutes afterwards Agatha exclaimed, her eyes having fallen on the paper in her hand—

"How curious! how very like! what an odd

amusement! Why, Hugh, you have copied Richard Wardour's signature so exactly that I could never know it apart from the real!"

He drew the sheet from her fingers, as if to admire the similarity himself, and looked at it under the lamp. Had she been less engrossed with the incident, she must have observed his altered face, and the hand which not all his efforts could keep perfectly still. But she was standing beside him, holding Mr. Wardour's letter for comparison, and smiling at the extraordinary resemblance of the autographs.

"That peculiar curl of the capital R, and the stroke fastening the two names together—I never saw anything more like! I shall be afraid of your committing forgery some day!" she said, clinging to his arm.

"It is an old school talent of mine—if talent it may be called," he remarked, none the redder for her last words. "I could copy any fellow's writing all through the classes. Bump of imitation large, I suppose." He turned carelessly to the fire, and dropped the paper into the blaze. They watched it curl up and blacken into a film, still retaining the characters on its surface: he made an end of it with the poker, folded up his letters, and locked his desk.

The foreshadow haunted him even in dreams. Every stroke of that name bristled into living serpents, writhing from off the paper into his face; and when he hastened away, they pursued him through his house, through endless streets, through lanes and courts of a dark city, till he was driven up into a place whence there was no egress, no help; and the loathsome reptiles reached him, twined round him, their hisses in his ears, their fangs in his flesh; he awoke, shuddering violently. What a foolish dream! How childish to tremble superstitiously at the incongruous imaginations of sleep! Did he not well understand the theory of dreaming, and could explain minutely its philosophy? He could trace the origin of this, easily. Quite natural that his brain should work still at the leading idea of his last waking hours; but as to a threat or a warning involved—pooh! he left such blind beliefs to the credulous and ignorant.

He composed himself again to sleep. But there are times when the restfulness of losing one's identity in the balmy Lethe of slumber seems a mystery utterly unknown—when one even wonders to remember the countless nights that the mind has at once succumbed to its grateful anodyne. Every faculty is triply wakeful; memory presents pictures almost tangible; anticipation gives a life-like rehearsal of future actions. Doctor Ferrol's brain would not be still; he could not darken its chambers, nor exclude its trooping imagery. That name was yet the master-key. The scenes of the possible crime were acted over before him—the precautions against discovery, the chances of detection. What a diabolical logic incited him to the deed! all advantage to be gained by it—nothing to be lost, little to be risked. How was the moral evil veiled with a cloak of sophistry, and his fear of danger counterbalanced by exaggerated views of the impending ruin! The mustard grain of temptation had ex-

panded to a mighty upas tree, shadowing his whole inner world.

And if he yielded to the temptation, who can wonder? Had not his education been without principle, and its chief social training the maintenance of a living falsehood? His mother had paved the way for this fall, when she laid in the child's mind the groundwork of expediency; his father had helped towards it when he set the example of "keeping up appearances" at all hazards.

The banking house of Rupee, Ferrol and Co. was situate in one of the great business centres of the city; whence, as from ganglionic knots of nerves, thrill the sensations of mercantile life through all the limbs of England. Towards it, among a variety of other equipages on this April day, drove the handsome chocolate britska of Mrs. Carnaby Pyke, containing not now herself, but her husband, as being the responsible party essential in monetary transactions. Old Mr. Grimston, the head clerk, no sooner looked over his spectacles at the swinging-open of the great door, than he had an intuitive perception of the gentleman's business. To that experienced person, "renewal of bill" was written plainly upon the somewhat embarrassed gait and gestures, the almost shuffling look: he had seen them too often to be mistaken.

"Living beyond his means," thought the astute manager, as he bent his grey head again over his books; till a teller came up to know whether he should draw out a fresh bill, and take the interest due on the old one.

"Certainly." Mr. Grimston had had time to make up his mind; to the clerk his celerity of decision was marvellous, and he ventured to remark, "Third time, sir."

"We'll take care of ourselves," was the reply, with a sapient smile; and the junior went on his errand. Meanwhile, Mr. Carnaby Pyke fidgetted, and felt sadly humiliated by this tacit confession of pecuniary pressure; he signed hastily, and not till the softly-swaying folding-doors closed behind him did he resume the moneyedair which usually sat so well upon his ample figure.

Mr. Grimston raised his eyes again. Doctor Ferrol was entering, and went quickly to the nearest teller's desk. "Brother-in-law's business he used to come on," thought the manager; and likewise determined that if he wanted any advances on his own account, they should not be given without the chief's special authority. Again the teller came for instructions, with a bill of exchange in his hand, purporting to be the acceptance of Richard Wardour. Mr. Grimston scrutinized it narrowly through his spectacles, sent the clerk on some trifling message, and while he was absent took a letter from a drawer in his secretary, marked W, and compared the signatures. He was unwilling that the teller should witness such an act of distrust, but it was Mr. Grimston's maxim to place confidence in none; he gave back the paper with the words, "All right; we have security."

And Doctor Ferrol, standing at the far end of the rows of desks—for he cared not to come nearer to the sharp-sighted Grimston—looked steadfastly at a notice hung from the upper rail before him. Did

he see a single distinct word in the entire sheet? Would he have given the universe to recall that piece of paper stamped irrevocably with a crime, and burn it out of existence? What were they doing with it? The time seemed immensely long. He durst not glance towards the manager's office. Terror was in his heart, and upon his blanched countenance. He stood mechanically gazing at the printed notice, but no more reading a line of it than could a blind man.

The teller's voice startled him like thunder. "In notes or in gold, sir?"

"Half of each."

With success, he regained his presence of mind fully. A hundred pounds was paid over to him; how reviving was the touch of the unhallowed money! For a minute or two he visited the chief partner's office, where Euston Ferrol laboured hard as any of his subordinate clerks, and with a thousand times as anxious care; and these brothers-in-law, having a concealment in each heart, dark and ruinous, which neither would for his life have bared, contrived mutually to smile with prosperous air, suitable to their easy and unembarrassed lives.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE SKELETON AT THE BANKER'S.

DAY after day did Euston Ferrol repair to his office in the city, and exercise the most unceasing vigilance over the concerns of the firm. He was a model for business men; no pleasure could tempt him away from the pursuit of his interest. His sleepless watchfulness seized every opportunity of aggrandizement for the house, and rarely was guilty of a profitless speculation. Mr. Grimston, who was suspicious, and of a ferret nature, could not but admire his spirit and success. Still, in the background remained that tremendous deficit: the utmost his ability could effect was to prevent its growing larger.

He had a distrust of Grimston, deep-rooted and intuitive; but for the old clerk's usefulness and experience he would have got rid of him. Nothing tangible could he specify to his own apprehensions, as proving that Grimston was aware of the house's real position; still, he knew not how far his father might have permitted grounds for suspicion to be visible to his quick-witted subordinate. Mr. Ferrol, the chief partner, walked softly and warily as regarded Grimston, which the latter perceived, as he did most other things within his range; and, knowing that his superior had reasons for every tittle of his conduct, he easily found an adequate cause for this.

Gradually the old clerk lengthened his chain of proofs with links of evidence drawn from occult sources, and strengthened the whole by a score petty facts, which seemed of no significance until placed skilfully together. He was gratified to receive Mr. Euston Ferrol's courteous bow of a morning, as he passed through the files of desks to his own room, and to feel that he, even he, Grimston, was master of that gentleman's fate, in a manner. Hidden power was luxurious to his tastes, as stolen bread is sweet to another morbid turn of mind.

But, even for such gratification, he did not leave

the power a day idle, when it was in a state fit to use effectively. He knew that the disclosure of his knowledge would be a declaration of perpetual enmity between the head of the house and himself; a premature disclosure, before sustained by irresistible proofs, would be worse than useless—it would be ruinous to his own prospects. Mr. Grimston could afford to wait, and week after week to gather his facts and corroborate his suspicions, till he had built up a consistent history of the fraud.

Then, on the very afternoon that Dr. Ferrol had been furnished with a hundred pounds on Mr. Wardour's acceptance, the wily old clerk was ready for action. Entering into Mr. Ferrol's private room with the usual abstract of the day's business, he seated himself for a few minutes' conversation. Chiefly upon the public news they talked, and floating rumours, such as never find their way into the journals, but, like thistle-down, can yet show what way the popular winds are blowing, and at times even become seeds of future things.

"The Bourse opened well this morning," said Mr. Ferrol, referring to a telegram lying on the table.

"Yes," said Mr. Grimston; "Rentes at sixty-nine francs forty-five centimes—an advance of a fourth since yesterday, and still tending upwards. By the way, that was a strange business about Brockenthal. Brockenthal!" he repeated, rubbing his hand on his lower lip as if perplexed; "that was the name, I fancy, of the Viennese banker whose frauds made such confusion in the mercantile world some time since. Was it Brockenthal?" he added, dubiously. "Nay, I believe not; but those German names are much alike, in my mind."

"That cannot be the name," said Mr. Ferrol, decisively. "The Baron Brockenthal is a distinguished diplomatist, and a Count of the empire."

"I may be mistaken as to the name," the other observed; "but the circumstances of the case were very remarkable—in fact, unparalleled in the annals of banking."

"Yes, yes; I believe I have heard something of it," quoth Euston Ferrol, with his eyes fixed on the French telegram in his hand. "Strange that securities should tend upwards while the aspect of affairs is so threatening."

"The curious point in Brockenthal's frauds," persevered Grimston, "was the long period of years during which they had been carried on, without the least suspicion on the part of the public. Perhaps I am wrong in calling him Brockenthal."

Had he noted, though his downcast eyes looked only at the bubbles of gas ejecting brilliancy from masses of coal, that momentary glance cast at him, forcible as a javelin—of apprehension, hate, vengeance?

"Another peculiarity was the daring nature of the swindle; all the bank deposits were used by him as private cash, regardless of the rights of the owners; but he continued to honour drafts regularly, and pay interest, long after he was thoroughly bankrupt. Just as if we, in this bank—suppose for the sake of example, that you and I, Mr. Ferrol, being partners, were to dip our fingers in the purses of those who trust their fortunes to us, after having lost large sums by injudicious speculation—"

The humble head was lifted now, and the voice had somewhat changed its customary obsequious modulation. Mr. Ferrol had risen, and stood with his back to the fire.

"I understand you, sir," he said sternly, his pallid face looking full at the manager. "I have expected this, though not quite prepared for its revelation in the form of an oriental apologue," he added, with a sneer. "And now, sir, since you can gain little by further publicity, I must trouble you to name your price, if you please."

Grimston had not calculated on this turn to the conference, and for the moment hesitated.

"You have not yet decided, perhaps, on the particular sum which your forbearance may be worth? I will give you till the morning to make up your mind; you can inform me by letter—good evening, Mr. Grimston." And he bowed him out.

His cab and high-stepping horse being at the door, Mr. Ferrol immediately took his departure, bowing with much suavity to the clerks and their manager, as had been his father's habit. Grimston conceived a certain respect for the young partner. "Cool hand and cool head," he thought; "if any one ever got through such a business as this, he will."

Yet, without doubt the old clerk was somewhat baffled. The pleasure he had promised himself in the gradual unfolding of details, and winding round Euston Ferrol's mind with a convincing chain of evidence, was dissipated. The long interview he had prepared for was cut unsatisfactorily short; he was sorry he had not given the hint months ago: since a hint apparently would have sufficed to insure an increase to his salary. Moved by remorse for a neglected opportunity, his conduct in the evening was so aggravating to Mrs. Grimston, (though a long-suffering female trained to endurance by half a life-time of it,) that she averred she never had seen Mr. G. so cut up; she only hoped he had not got his dismissal from Ferrol's, that's all. No, Mrs. Grimston; he is merely revenging upon you, who cannot retaliate, the rebuff he experienced in that private office from his chief. He has been in the habit of doing it, Mrs. Grimston—dove-tailing official life into domestic, by a transference to the latter of the ill-humour which must be repressed in the former. The intimate acquaintances of the family think him a gentleman of most delightful manners; his deference to Mrs. G. is especially charming, say the ladies; and thus hath Grimston, as well as his chief, one life for public audience, and another, widely different, behind the scenes.

Mr. Grimston had another cause, perchance, for his ill temper on this evening. Looking closely into the matter, he had slightly a sensation of being outwitted, which was galling. He was very unwilling to write a letter on the subject of his interview with Mr. Ferrol, or to put his demand into plain language. Though knowing nothing of law, he had all a professional man's caution concerning written words. In the event of anything happening, (which "anything" meant public exposure and disgrace,) he wished to appear an innocent sufferer, if possible. He wanted the wages of an accomplice without the risk.

But Euston Ferrol was determined that thus it should not be. When, on the ensuing morning, he found among his daily pile of letters the expected note, cautiously worded, and merely initialled as signature, he laid it aside till all the others were disposed of, and then sent for the manager.

"Take your note, Mr. Grimston; it is so ambiguously expressed as to be hardly intelligible. Pray state clearly, in your next application, on what grounds you claim increase of salary—specifying the *real* cause, remember, and sign it with your usual autograph. Only on these conditions will it receive favourable consideration from me."

"I think you may forget, Mr. Ferrol, that the real causes will not bear the light," said Grimston stiffly.

"You have not stated them," was the cold reply.

"In the conversation with which you honoured me last evening—" began the clerk.

"I will hear nothing on the subject except in writing," interrupted Mr. Ferrol. "I do not want details; though, permit me to tell you, Mr. Grimston, that suspicion is not proof; but I wish to have your demand in a business-like form, alleging the services rendered for the money required. You can draw it up at your leisure, as perhaps you would like to have a lawyer's help in the choice of phrases calculated not to commit you, in case the transaction ever comes to light. Generally, when a man puts up his honesty to sale, he does not drive a separate bargain for his safety; but you are very prudent, Mr. Grimston."

The gentleman's lips were at home most in a sneer; his face was not comfortable to look at just now.

"And," he added—the bald patch upon Grimston's bent head glistening where another less mean man's eyes would have glowed—"I am sure you will write what I request, and secure to yourself a permanent increase of three hundred per annum. Whatever evidence you imagine you have collected can only amount to inferences and trivial occurrences, quite insufficient to support any statement with unprejudiced people."

Mr. Grimston, after another effort to obtain hearing, glided away with his customary feline motion on the toes, and had more rumination, and less weasel-like watching, that day than usual. Mr. Ferrol, left alone in his private room, leaned back in the crimson arm-chair, to think over his play in the late game; and a series of his unmirthful and malevolent smiles rested upon the row of exquisite filbert nails which he contemplated during his meditation.

"The old sharper imagined I was such a flat as to let him share in the profit and shirk the danger," quoth he to himself, somewhere behind those white gleaming teeth. "But we must be in the same box, most cautious Grimston."

Still, the occurrence made him more seriously uneasy than anything that had yet happened with reference to the secret of the house. Therefore, he sought to bind Grimston by the double chain of interest and of complicity. The worthy clerk, after some additional shuffling, closed with his employer's terms. He would have vastly preferred

a sum paid down, and then taking himself away from the whole concern, but he saw that an increase of salary was all that he could obtain for his silence. Mr. Ferrol placed the required paper in the same hidden drawer of a cabinet which contained the private accounts of the firm—that little compartment where lay the skeleton of the banker's house.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

It is stated by Hume, in the "History of England," that when the Spaniards who escaped from the dispersion of their fleet returned to their own country, they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the English, and of the tempestuous violence of the ocean which surrounds them. True indeed it was, according to the medal struck on this occasion—"Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur"—"God sent out his blast, and they were scattered." The whole circumference of the island bore witness to their defeat; and some of their ships, driving past the Orkneys, rounded the north of Scotland, and were wrecked among the stormy Hebrides.

Early one morning, before the overthrow of the Armada was known in Scotland, one of the baillies of Anstruther, a maritime town on the south-east coast of Fife, appeared at the bed-side of James Melville, the minister of the parish, and informed him that a ship filled with Spaniards had entered their harbour; adding, however, that they were come, not to give mercy, but to ask, and that the magistrates desired his advice how to act towards them. It was agreed, after consultation, to give audience to the commander, and that the minister, who had some knowledge of the Spanish language, should convey to him the sentiments of the town.

Intimation of this having been sent to the vessel, a venerable old man, of large stature and martial countenance, entered the town hall, and making a profound bow, and touching the minister's shoe with his hand, addressed him in Spanish. "His name was Jan Gomes de Medina; he was commander of twenty hulks, being part of the grand fleet which his master Philip, King of Spain, had fitted out to revenge the insufferable insults which he had received from the English nation; but God, on account of their sins, had fought against them, and dispersed them by a storm; the vessels under his command had been separated from the main fleet, driven on the north coast of Scotland, and wrecked on the Fair Isle; and after escaping the merciless waves and rocks, and enduring great hardships from hunger and cold, he and such of his men as were preserved, had made their way in their only remaining bark to this place, intending to seek assistance from their good friends and confederates, the Scots; and to kiss his Majesty's hand, (making another profound bow,) from whom he expected relief and comfort to himself, his officers, and poor men, whose condition was most pitiable."

The minister then addressed the admiral as follows:—"On the score of friendship, or the cause in which they were embarked, the Spaniards (he said) had no claims on them. The King of Spain

was a sworn vassal of the Bishop of Rome, and on that account they and their king defied him; and with respect to England, the Scots were indissolubly leagued with that kingdom, and regarded an attack upon it as the same with an attack on themselves. But, although this was the case, they looked upon them in their present situation as men and fellow creatures, labouring under privations and sufferings to which they themselves were liable, and they rejoiced at an opportunity of testifying how superior their religion was to that of their enemies. Many Scotsmen who had resorted to Spain for the purposes of trade and commerce had been thrown into prison as heretics, their property confiscated, and their bodies committed to the flames; but so far from retaliating such cruelties on them, they would give them every kind of relief and comfort which was in their power, leaving it to God to work such a change in their hearts respecting religion as he pleased."

This answer being reported to the Spanish admiral by an interpreter, he returned most humble thanks; adding, that he could not answer for the laws and practices of his church, but as for himself, there were many in Scotland, and perhaps in that very town, who could attest that he had treated them with favour and courtesy. After this, the admiral and his officers were conveyed to lodgings which had been provided for them, and were hospitably entertained by the magistrates and neighbouring gentlemen, until they obtained a licence and protection from his Majesty to return home. The privates, to the number of 260, mostly beardless young men, feeble and hungered, were supplied with kail, pottage, and fish. Before their departure, the minister received a printed account of the complete destruction of the Armada, with the names of the principal persons who had perished in the wreck of the galliots, on the coasts of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. On this being imparted to Jan Gomes, the tears flowed down the furrowed cheeks of the hardy veteran.

This adventure had a noble sequel, worthy of Spanish chivalry. Some time after this, a vessel belonging to Anstruther was arrested in a Spanish port. Don Jan Gomes was no sooner informed of this, than he posted to court, and obtained her release from the king, to whom he spoke in the highest terms of the humanity and hospitality of the Scots. He invited the ship's company to his house, inquired kindly after his acquaintances in the good town of Anstruther, and sent his warmest commendations to their minister and other individuals to whom he considered himself as most particularly indebted.

"The mind feels relieved," says Dr. McCrie, who relates this story, "in turning from the battle of the warrior, with its 'confused noise and garments rolled in blood,' to contemplate the image of Him who is 'a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a shadow from the heat, a refuge from the storm, when the blast of the terrible is as a storm against the wall.' It is pleasing to perceive the ardent zeal of our ancestors against Popish errors, not interfering with the calls of humanity and charity; and it is consolatory to find

that there have always been examples of generosity and gratitude in a country which superstition has chosen for her favourite abode, and where bigotry has so long maintained her intolerant, degrading, and most frightful reign."

LORD MACAULAY.

THE year 1859 was singularly fatal to men of distinction in science and literature. Amidst a long and sad roll of names of lesser note, we have had to mourn the loss of Humboldt and De Tocqueville, Brunel and Stephenson, Washington Irving and Prescott, Hallam, and last, not least, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

"No death which we could chronicle," said the "Times," containing the startling announcement of his decease, "no death will be more deeply or more widely lamented than that of Lord Macaulay. His loss is not simply that of a great man. It is the loss of a great man who accumulated immense stores of information that perish with him. As on the funeral pile of some Oriental potentate the wealth of a province is heaped up to be burned, we see passing with the historian into the darkness of the grave, not only a majestic mind which sooner or later must have gone from among us, but also the vast acquisitions of this mind, which we fancy might have remained to us for ever. Macaulay's wealth of information was almost incredible, and in all his writings, in his speeches, in his conversations, he poured it forth so lavishly, and yet so carefully, that reader and hearer scarcely knew which to admire most—the extent of his knowledge, or the felicity with which he brought it to bear upon the matter in hand. He had a more intimate acquaintance with English history than any man living, or perhaps any man who ever lived. His acquaintance with it was not a barren knowledge, but had fructified into political wisdom; and no pen could surpass his in the description of what he knew, and thought, and felt."

A distinguished French writer paid a tribute of like force and eloquence in noticing a loss which is more than national.

"In this great historian, England has just lost one of her most illustrious citizens, and Liberty one of her most glorious defenders. Lord Macaulay was only fifty-nine years old. His death, then, is premature, and naturally awakens the most profound regrets of those who knew him, whether personally, or only through his works. A writer and critic of the first rank, he possessed an erudition as solid as it was various; his mind was a cyclopaedia admirably arranged; everything was there, and everything in its place. He had that sort of universality which characterizes superior men of all kinds, that precision of thought and appropriateness of language which throws light upon all subjects of discussion. No one has more clearly proved that what stifles and obscures the mind is the confusion, not the abundance of its ideas. He possessed in the highest degree the intellectual and moral qualities of the true historian; he judged men and parties with an elevation of view, an im-

partiality and a rectitude which give a special authority to his eloquent and solid writings. He shows himself in general severe towards persons, and inflexible in matters of principle. We have more than once spoken of his beautiful 'History of England'; he leaves it incomplete, to our irreparable loss.

"As a politician, he had won and carried with him the esteem of all parties. In the course of an active life he may have been open to reproach for a few faults, but never for a single act which might give rise to doubts of the rightness of his intentions or the independence of his character. He always worked, and always by honest means, to insure the prosperity and greatness of his country. In the midst of party struggles and the vicissitudes of fortune, in power and out of power, he was constantly faithful to his party, to his opinions, and to his friends. He combated all abuses, and his name is connected with the most important reforms. Religious liberty, above all, never had in any country a more persistent or more brilliant advocate. A liberal in the true and grand acceptation of the word, an avowed enemy of all exaggeration, profoundly convinced that in politics all extremes are equally dangerous, he set himself, in his speeches and his writings, to prove that despotism and anarchy are inseparable, and that each tends to generate the other.

"We have before us," continues M. Peyrat, "while we write these lines, the portrait of Lord Macaulay, and when our eyes rest on it, we fancy we are again enjoying the rapid moments during which, five years ago, we had the happiness of seeing and hearing him. We are sure that no one who ever knew him, or ever read him, will dispute the justice of the homage we pay to his memory. Such men, whatever country they may belong to, are the glory of the liberal cause; and we believe that it is for the interest and the honour of Liberty to engrave their names on the column which commemorates those who have sincerely loved and practically served her."

Again, we avail ourselves of the masterly *éloge* pronounced by the writer in the "Times."

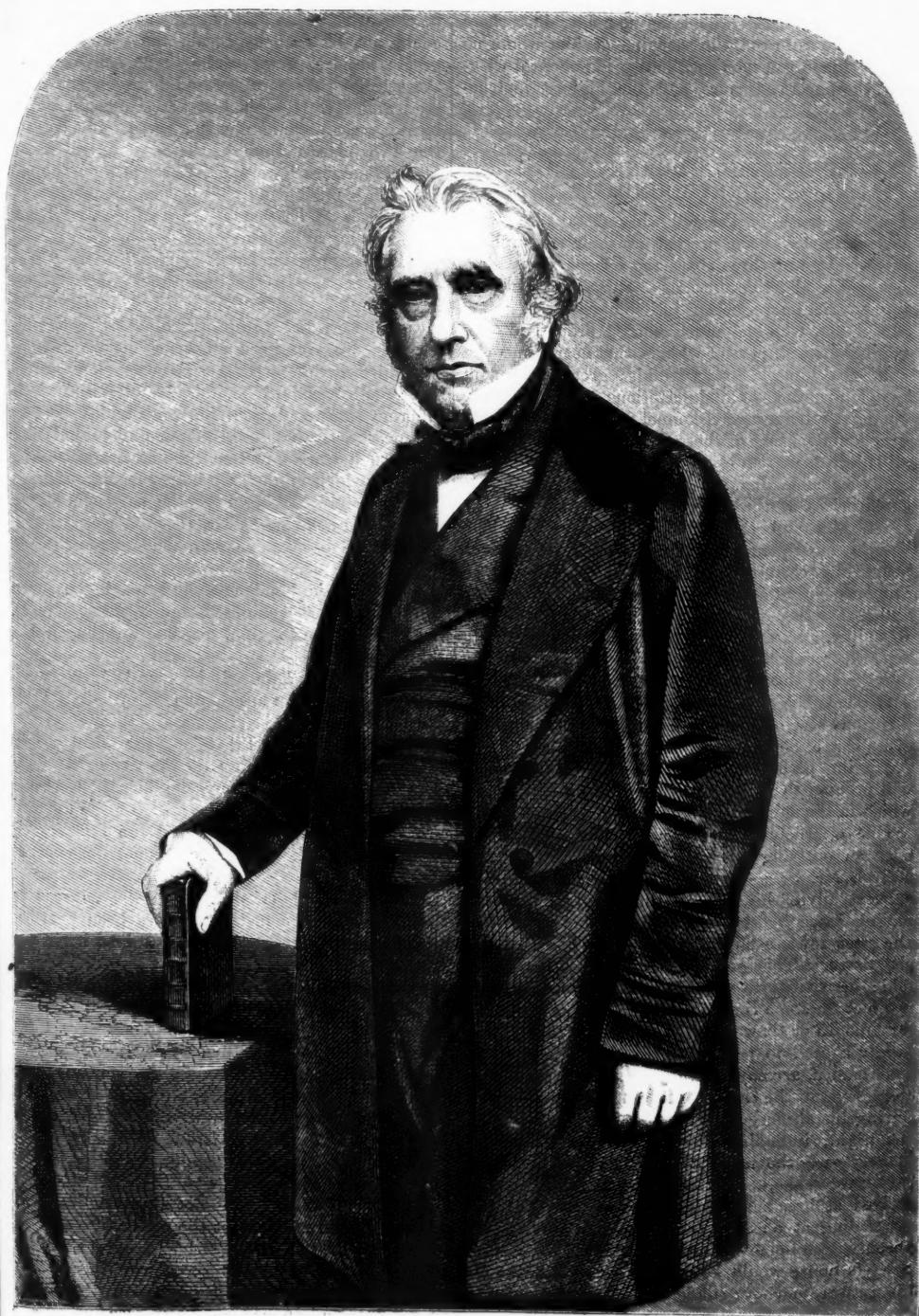
Orator, essayist, poet, and historian—in all these fields of literary activity Macaulay has won for himself the first place, and, as it would seem, by the exercise of almost the self-same faculties. The same power of reasoning is found in the orator as the essayist, the same power of minute and picturesque description in the historian as in the poet, for his mind was well balanced and uniform throughout, without flaw or cloud; it made every subject its own, and imparted to it its own clearness and precision, whatever faculty was at work, whatever was the end in view. It is hardly too much to say that those who never had the privilege of meeting Lord Macaulay can form no adequate idea of the powers of the human memory or the vigour and the fecundity of the human intellect. He did not seek to lead conversation to his own subjects, but was ever ready for any discussion that might be proposed to him; and whatever question he discussed he never failed to display a fertility of argument, a profusion of illustration, an exhaustless

fund of knowledge, such as astonished, convinced, and overwhelmed his opponent. He remembered everything, he understood what he remembered, and what he understood he could apply with incomparable force and readiness.

With these faculties, with a strong sense of justice, and a keen sympathy for all that was noble in character or liberal in sentiment, Mr. Macaulay, after a brilliant career at Cambridge (1818–1825), plunged into the vortex of this great metropolis. His earlier essays in the "Edinburgh Review," though not without some tinge of the generous extravagance of youth, laid the solid foundation of that renown which has gone on increasing to the day of his death. The generous and discerning patronage of Lord Lansdowne opened to Mr. Macaulay the doors of Parliament (1830), and in the debates on the Reform Bill he established for himself an oratorical reputation, the solidity of which is well attested by the printed collection of his speeches, which will compare not disadvantageously with any similar record of parliamentary eloquence. A few years spent in India restored him (1839) to this country, possessed of that independence which was one of the most imperious demands of an intellect far too rich and too lively to waste itself in the struggles of party or in the dry details of official business. For two years Mr. Macaulay was a member of the Cabinet, as Secretary at War, in the government of Lord Melbourne. He quitted office with his party (1841), returned with them, but soon quitted it again. He had gifts which were meant for mankind, and they were strictly devoted to the use of mankind during the remainder of his useful life. Ill health compelled him to retire from parliament (1856), and the same cause prevented him from making any public appearance in the House of Lords. But though he did not achieve, as a mere politician, a reputation equal either to his splendid oratorical success, his unwavering political consistency, or his vast knowledge of the constitution of his country, Mr. Macaulay has conferred on English public life an honour which he never received from it, and has achieved successes as much more durable and brilliant than political triumphs, as his own reputation will be more durable and brilliant than that of Mr. Canning. He was so perfect a master of the English language, so clear in thought, so transparent in expression, that we doubt if a single ambiguous or involved sentence can be pointed out in the whole of his writings. As a reviewer, he has left behind him specimens of unapproachable excellence, such as his criticism on Mr. Gladstone's work on the Church. As an essayist, he probably has no rival in the whole course of English literature. It may be that he imported too much of the essay into history, just as *Æschylus*, according to his own elegant criticism, brought too much of the ode into tragedy; and to this may be traced a diffuseness which we have to complain of, principally because it has deprived us of the guiding light of his genius over a long period of English history. His research was enormous; and in spite of some few inaccuracies, to which every human work is subject, his general correctness has come out only the more established

from the ordeal of hostile criticisms. As a poet, at a time when it was supposed that nothing new could be invented, he struck out a style the enchantment of which is felt by all ages and all conditions alike, which has no prototype in ancient, no parallel in modern, which unites the simplicity of our ancient ballads with the rich imagery and stirring dialogue of the epic, often sweetly descending to an idyllic character, reminding us of the happier passages of *Theocritus*.

Such were Lord Macaulay's intellectual powers; but he is gone where the voice of praise cannot reach him, where the incense of human admiration does not rise, and the voice of applause cannot penetrate. What matters to him now, is not that he possessed these transcendent powers, but to what purposes he employed them. The faculties were as nobly employed as they were lavishly given. The purest moral tone pervades the fearless controversial discussion of the most difficult social, moral, and religious questions. By no one have the principles of toleration been so ably and clearly expounded, by no one has the dividing line between religion and superstition been so fearlessly drawn. No author rests so entirely on a solid and manly good sense. Lord Macaulay never wasted his fine faculties and splendid powers of exposition on the barren subtleties of metaphysics or the abstract dogmas of polemics. A true friend of liberty, he preferred to deduce it from the immemorial practice of our ancient monarchy, instead of from the fallacious doctrines of natural right. He had studied our constitution till he had become instinct with its spirit, and for ever removed the difficulties from many of the most intricate as well as the most important periods of our history. Unlike the modern class of historians, who are for ever trying to deify force and to exalt success, to make a sensual and cruel tyrant into a paternal king, or a brutal drunkard into a model of commanding intellect, Macaulay had no love for paradox; his homage was reserved for what he thought true and right, and he is utterly guiltless of setting up as idols for the multitude what he himself loathed and despised. If he wrote with a party bias, he honestly avowed it, because he was alike incapable of the affectation of Hume or the icy indifference of Gibbon. There is not a line of his works that a lady might blush to read, not a sentiment that an honest man need be ashamed to utter. He has done more than any writer in our history to form the mind of his countrymen, and we cannot wish our rising youth a better preceptor. He is gone, but his name will be as imperishable as our language, when we also are gone. His works may be quoted at some future period as a specimen of the highest development of the practical English mind, and the best example of the political wisdom which experience has taught us. We cannot believe that all that is left of such a man will be allowed to mingle with the dust, without at least those honours which we lavish on warriors who have been the scourge of their species, or on statesmen who have done more to mislead than to improve it. To use Lord Macaulay's own noble words: "One cemetery only is worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where

*Mr. Marryat*

the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey," which contains no nobler dust, there should be interred the remains of him whom no Englishman can name without pride or read without the purest pleasure and the highest instruction.*

WONDERFUL JOURNEY OF A GREYHOUND.

For the truth of the following facts I can well vouch, having been present at their accomplishment. Two or three years ago I went down, for a few weeks' shooting, into L—shire, and was staying at the house of an intimate friend of mine, Mr. S—, who had much landed property in the neighbourhood, part of which—that near home—he cultivated himself. My friend is a great sportsman, very fond of dogs of all descriptions, and possessing, amongst others, a good kennel of strong, well-bred greyhounds. One of these animals, however, above all the rest, was an especial favourite, and, being a really valuable dog, he carried off several handsome prizes at the different coursing meetings in L—shire and the neighbouring counties, and was in consequence justly celebrated. He was a beautifully clean-made, fawn-coloured animal, of immense speed and power, and, at the time of which I write, nearly four years old. His coat was silky, and, as the old trainer would sometimes remark, "a'most bright eneil' to shave by;" his muzzle and feet ("points," I believe, I should say) black, the only white mark about him being a curious star on his side, from which, on account of its shape, he received his name of "Diamond."

Having given this brief description of him, I will proceed to relate the extraordinary performance which is the subject of my anecdote.

One afternoon, on our return from shooting over an outlying covert, about a week after my arrival, Mr. S— was informed that Mr. H—, a great ally of his, was waiting for him indoors, having come by the coach, and walked over from the post town, a mile distant, where he had been set down. This gentleman's business was twofold; he wanted to see his friend, whom he had not met for some time, and also to borrow Diamond for a month or six weeks. Mr. S—, after a while, kindly agreed to part with his favourite for the time named, accompanying his consent with many charges as to the care that must be taken of him during his absence from home. Mr. H— stayed the night, intending to start off his homeward journey early the next day; but, unfortunately for this arrangement, a letter, forwarded from home, arrived at breakfast time, which necessitated his proceeding at once to London, and a consequent absence from home during another day. Moreover, S—'s house would be greatly out of his way on his return journey; under which circumstances

combined, the question as to how the dog was to be conveyed to his destination was a puzzler. He could not be sent by coach, the risk being too great; besides, how was he to be conveyed over the ten miles that intervened between the coach road and Mr. H—'s house? He could not go by rail, as, unfortunately, there was none between the two places, though there soon will be, as many "navvies" were hard at work on the projected line, during my visit last September.

"What's to be done?" says H—. "I must have the dog as soon as possible."

"Don't know, I'm sure," replies S—. "We'll think over it. In the meantime, come out and have a walk round my farmyard. I rather pride myself on it, and you've an hour or two to while away before you need start for town." And so we sallied forth.

The two friends duly praised and criticized the different stock and farm implements. I held my tongue, for, truth to tell, I don't understand much about such things, and so did not hazard making remarks which might only betray my ignorance.

As we were looking over the stables, a strong, well-shaped cob caught Mr. H—'s eye.

"Why, S—, you've got a handsome one there," said he.

"Yes, he is handsome, and good too. But I'm going to sell him; I've too many already. Do you happen to know any one wanting such a thing?"

"Yes, I think I do. Is he sound?"

"Perfectly, I can assure you. But who's to be the purchaser?"

"Sound! Well, I'll take your word for it, S—; though I wouldn't do the same with every one, and I'll buy him myself; he's just what I want. And now, as to price; what's the figure?"

However, we need not mind the figure; suffice it that the handsome cob changed owners at once.

"Dear, dear!" cried Mr. H—, as soon as the bargain was concluded, "I've been puzzling all the morning how to send one animal home, and now I've saddled myself with another."

"Oh, that's easy; make one take the other. In a word, old Ike, my trainer, shall ride the horse down and lead the dog. I am sure I can trust him, and he can return by coach. Supposing he starts about four o'clock in the morning, he'll then be with you in the evening, and, if you'll be kind enough to put him up for the night, can be back next day." And so it was arranged.

Mr. H— left us at midday, and punctually at four in the morning old Ike started on his journey of fifty-four miles—not a fraction less—and we thought no more about the matter.

The day passed, I forgot how; and half of the next, on which Ike was to return, was already over. I was sitting writing letters in the dining-room, when in bounced S—, his face flushed with anger.

"What do you think that stupid fellow Ike has done?—now what do you think?"

I'm sure I couldn't imagine, and said so.

"Why, he has actually let the dog loose on the

* "Times," Dec. 31, 1859. Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800. His grandfather was a Scottish clergyman; his father was Zachary Macaulay, the friend and associate of Wilberforce. He was raised to the Peership in 1857; died Dec. 28, 1869; buried in Westminster Abbey, Jan. 9th, 1860.

road, and he has just found his way home, mud-stained and lame, and scarcely able to stand. He's in the loose box; go and look at the poor brute. It's a shame of that Ike to be so careless—a positive shame! Diamond's half dead from fatigue and want of food. But I must go and do what I can for him."

I did as my host directed, and repaired to the stables. There was Diamond, sure enough, and just as certain was it that he was half dead. His master set to work; he carefully fomented the cuts and bruises with which his legs were covered, fed him slowly from his hand, and, having almost hidden him in the supply of straw that formed his bed, left him to rest in peace, whilst he occupied his time in bewailing the unfortunate occurrence, and working himself up by degrees into a most unamiable and unenviable frame of mind. This was about at its very height when the innocent cause of all this disquiet in my host walked coolly and calmly into the yard, as if nothing had happened, touching his hat as he approached.

"Well, sir!" quoth S——, barely able to contain his wrath, "so you delivered Diamond quite safely, I suppose?"

"Ees sur, I did, an' Muster H—— wur very glad to see un, that he wor'. He telled me as I was to tell you——"

"Now, Master Ike, I've never had reason to doubt you before, and I warn you to take care what you're about."

"Whey, Measter, what be matter wi' me? I'm not a tollin' no lies as I knows on."

"When did you see the dog last, sir? Answer me that, before you say anything else."

"Well, let's zee," replied honest Ike; "I seed 'un this mornin' afore I comed away, an' I comed away half arter eight. I couldn't go for to leave the place eout sayin' so much as good-bye, like, to the old dog. Na, na! that I couldn't! So I went into t'stable, an' guv un a partin' pat afore startin' homewards."

"Why, you old——;" but I need not repeat the words: my friend S—— was rather out of temper, you know. "Just come with me and look here, and then be good enough to repeat what you've said. Now, man, look at that dog lying there; and yet you want to delude me with your story. What dog's that?"

Ike's face would have been invaluable to David Wilkie at that moment.

"I wunt b'lieve it," he exclaimed. "Tare wery like 'un, but I wunt b'lieve it. Let's look at t'other side, ole chap," he continued, as he turned the poor beast over. There was the white star. "Well, that ees a go. Never mind, tho'. I told 'ee afore, an' I tell 'ee again, Measter, if I wur to die fur it next minit, I patted that ere dog's 'ead this very mornin' at Muster H——'s, as sartin as I stands ere now. Write an' ax 'un if I didn't, for he wur standin' by at the toime." And off went Ike, mumbling and grumbling to himself at his sorry welcome home.

S—— did write that very evening. He was anxious to have Ike's behaviour cleared up, though he could not credit his words. He might have

done, though, as it turned out, for the old trainer had spoken the truth. Mr. H—— wrote to my friend by the same post; the letters actually crossed on the road, and the purport of his letter was regret for the loss o' Diamond, who, on his opening the stable door where he had been shut up, had bounded out, rushed at once to the gate, and made off full speed. The letter concluded by saying: "This was at nine o'clock this morning. I have already sent in pursuit, and offered a reward for his recovery."

Now, when Diamond made his appearance at home that same day, and when I first saw him, I happened to be holding my watch in my hand; it was exactly two o'clock. He had travelled fifty-four miles in the almost incredibly short space of five hours, and that too over a road which he had only traversed once before in his life. Not one false step could have been taken; and, allowing that a quarter of an hour only was consumed in his stoppages for water, he had travelled at the rate of eleven miles an hour for five consecutive hours. The dog that performed this wonderful feat recovered in time, and is, I believe, alive and well at this moment, though he could not do the like now-a-days, poor fellow; he's getting old—that is, for a dog.

HAUNTED LONDON.

II.—LEICESTER FIELDS.

Is it possible that that square of the refugee—of blazing diamond gas stars—of a black exhibition globe—of a subterranean eating-house—of furniture warehouses—of booksellers—of jewellers' shops, where the windows are webbed with gold chains—was ever a broad tract of green fields, lined with bushy elm trees, where foot-pads swung the bludgeon and cocked the pistol? Yes, it was, though the great deluge of houses has now spread over it, and destroyed the old land-marks.

We need not go back to the middle ages, when steel men trampled over the spot, and little flowers lived their happy life, monarchs of the meadow; but we will go back to Charles I's reign, when Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, rented some parish lands, known as Lammas lands, because common lands after Lammas-tide, and reared a mansion in the north-east corner, somewhere, we suppose, near where the reading-room now is; where Napoleon is nightly denounced by strange bearded exiles, who talk revolutions. The house—once stately with glistening windows and ever open door, once proud with heraldic shields, once breathing through countless chimneys, once regarded by plumed and cloaked men who had seen Cromwell, and knew Milton as a sort of fossil ancestor, as a friend—has now passed away into "air, thin air," and it requires an effort of faith, almost, to believe in its very existence. Its honeysuckles are now grimy courts; instead of lute and voice, you hear wife-beaters' curses and the clatter of pewter pots. Its scarfed earls have gone into dark vaults; its fair daughters, such as Vandyke painted, are gone, centuries ago, to sleep; the handsome striplings grew up, and passed into palsied men.

The house that seemed built for ever is sponged out, and Time has drawn other and meaner pictures on this section of his transparent slate. It seemed impossible, but it has come true, and the very site of the palace of the earls has to be groped for amid tobacco shops, and stationers and milliners, and party walls, labyrinthine and innumerable. Yet here the earl's children lived; Algernon, the stubborn patriot, the handsome Sydney of Charles II's bad court, and the fair Lady Dorothy, whom the poet Waller celebrated under the name of Sacharissa.

But this great house, adjoining the military wall, whatever that was, and the swan close, wherever that was, never threw. It was not a house of good fortune, built stoutly and lasting long. It was not the sheltering place of a great family for centuries, decaying solemnly and slowly, like an old oak that has long been the pride and monarch of a field. In 1677, we find it already turned into a sort of grand lodging, or general town-house for ambassadors and distinguished strangers. It was an hotel merely, without traditions. Those who lived in it loved it not, but dwelt there, passed away, and forgot it, as though it had never been. It was an unlucky and ill-omened house, and a sequence of misfortunes followed it from its building to its destruction. Evil begot evil, and the house could not escape from the dark cloud of influence that hung over it. It stands, in my memory, upon the map of Old London, like one of those dismal houses in Chancery, which you see here and there in back-streets—the windows black as ink, or starred with gaping holes; the door defaced, nameless, and numberless; woe and desolation written upon every brick.

Well, the great earl's family, with their goods and chattels, the youth's sword, the maiden's pearl, the family pictures, the carved chairs, the plumed beds, passed away, and strangers trod the hallowed floors. The rooms where the earl had died, the sacred chambers of the once so carefully guarded house, became another's, and lords and ambassadors made it by turns their night's resting-place, and great banquets were given by each temporary occupant who in his turn spread the table and "ruled the roast."

Colbert, Louis XIV's great minister, dwelt here, and thought here of rebellious Protestants, and longed to be again at the helm in France. The Queen of Bohemia, the first of the great train of exiles that have filled the Square and discussed the news, died here, regretted by at least one true heart, and that was her lover, and, some think, secret husband, Lord Craven, who lived in a grand house where the Olympic Theatre now stands. In this house the exiled queen lived, till she came to die in the unlucky building in Leicester Fields, soon after the Restoration.

The poor queen's life was in itself a little romance, and we must repeat the oft-told tale. Early in life the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of that schoolmaster-king, James I, married, much against her parents' consent, the Elector Palatine, whom the German Protestants had made King of Bohemia. Losing, in the terrible war between the two religions, both husband and kingdom, the lively de-

bonair lady, whom Pepys, the memoir-writer—a great authority on these matters—calls "plain," came to England with her children, and was pensioned and housed by the generous and chivalrous gratitude of Lord Craven, one of her husband's generals, who remained, as Butler says of the neglected cavaliers,

"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

She, who Dr. Donne had foolishly called "the sun," and witty Sir Henry Wotton "the eclipse and glory of her kind," left Lord Craven all her books, pictures, and papers. And a brave Dalgetty, a faithful true servant of the fallen queen, the old soldier-lover seems to have been—draper's son though he was: yes, Yorkshire Lord Mayor's son that he was. After his queen's death he became colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and like a brave old soldier of Gustavus Adolphus, and foe of Wallenstein and Tilly, he was always very busy with his soldiers at fires or in 'prentice riots. He was shelved by William III, who was afraid of his fidelity to the Stuarts, and spent his old age in gardening—Drury Lane, his domain, being at that time happily rural, and one half gardens—dreaming, as he grafted and pruned, of the "Queen of Hearts," and the immortal Gustavus, King of Sweden. The old captain's name still lives in that of some obscure row of houses, and the queen swings, here and there, upon country sign-boards.

Then, in Queen Anne's days, the imperial ambassador and Prince Eugene, the special enemy of France, lodged here, conning parchments and arranging sieges. But in 1718, the unlucky house shone out again, but only to fall into worse fortune than ever. The Prince of Wales (afterwards George II) came here to live as far as possible from his father; and, as if parental rancour and filial ingratitude were chronic in the family, he too, when on the throne, let his son, with whom he had quarrelled, go and sulk in the same house where he himself had lived; and here the wrong-headed, foolish prince died, not much missed by any one except his dancing-master and mean favourites. It was in this house that that great patron of prize-fighters, the Duke of Cumberland, by some called "the butcher," from his cruelties after Culloden, was born; and here that statuesque dull play of Addison's, "Cato," was performed; George III (then prince) acting the part of the philosophical young Roman, Portius, in full court suit, and that crown of all artificiality, the wig. He, too, was to have, like his father and his grandfather, an undutiful son, but not to dwell in that "pouting-place of princes," as the antiquarian writer Pennant called it.

It was to this by-gone shadow house (that I sometimes now fancy I see black against the moon, as I stroll on haunted nights through ghostly London,) that the poor weeping wife of the Earl of Cromartie brought her children to petition the Princess of Wales for the life of her husband, who had been robbing for the Stuart, and fighting with the hairy-legged Highlanders in Scotland. What stronger argument could a mother bring to plead for the life of her children's father? But she got nothing from that frivolous fop, or from his wife,

who was thought to have done just a classical and beautiful thing when she coldly and studiously went out of the room, and returned and silently placed her own children before those of the suppliant lady's—highly applauded, no doubt, by the gentlemen who carried fans and muffs, and put their hair in papers, and thought charming by the Lady Silvertongues, who went into raptures about Chinese toys, cracked cups, and divided their lives between cards and masquerades; but, to my mind, cruel, heartless, and undefendable.

But houses, like men, have the green spring-time of their youth, and the yellow autumn of their decline and of their age. The Duke of Gloucester next lived in the house, and there suffered his full share of courtly vexations; and then, with a jolt down-hill towards neglect and poverty, the house became a mere inuseum, with 26,000 articles collected by a Sir Ashton Lever, who in 1804 petitioned parliament for leave to sell it by lottery—40,000 tickets at a guinea each—asserting that from 1775 to 1784 he had gained by it £13,000. Its memory is associated with Leicester Fields, as the Soane Museum and the Hunterian Museum are with Lincoln's Inn Fields.

But here we break away from the shadow house, that still stands, though unseen, at the north-east corner of the Earl of Leicester's Square, and we come to those two great artists, Hogarth and Reynolds, whose memory is specially associated with this Square; for here, on the east side, lived the satirist, and on the west-end side, Reynolds, who received here all the great, and wise, and beautiful of the land, and preserved their faces from the grave, for our delight and for our children's. So, if our readers, passing straight through the Square, should meet a little bull-dog man, with a scar on the left temple, and an old gentleman in spectacles, with a pink healthy bloom on his cheeks, be sure, whatever the dress may be, these are the ghosts of William Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds, even though you see one go into Wyld's Reading Room, and the other give a penny to a street-crossing sweeper. Ghosts do those sort of things to keep up appearances; but it won't do—you know with us old folks it won't do. I see them give a wondering stare at the great gas star, and the smoky Globe, the Moorish towers, and the reading-room; and then fade away down that side street where Sir Isaac Newton used to live, and where he used to watch those stars we shall stare up at to-night, as at a book in illuminated letters, but an unknown language.

Our little acute friend Hogarth lived in the Fields in 1733, years before they put up the statue of George II in the centre. He liked the place, because he had been apprenticed when a boy to a metal-chaser and plate-engraver in a street close by, and used to have to walk in this very square, carrying his master's sickly son in his arms. Here he lived, with a gilt cork head over his door, close to where a well-known engraver of Dryden's time had lived. Here the Bishop of Bangor, his great friend, used to come and see him, and that kindly bear Hayman, the artist; and from here he sallied out to rusticate at his house in Chiswick, to watch

street groups, to think of Beer Street or Gin Lane, or to go and meet Wilkes and Churchill at his card club, or to go and laugh and quaff at old Slaughter's, the artist's great coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane. The square was a fashionable square ever since 1635, when it was built, and from 1671, when its south side was finished. The Earls of Aylesbury had left a tradition about the place, and the princes of Wales had made a sort of palace precinct of it. It was central; it was fashionable; it was near everything, and everything was what Hogarth wanted to observe. Here he gave the world the *Rake's Progress*, from the gambling-room to the madhouse. Here he swung his scourge, and drove his brand, till I almost wonder the fops and fools and silly brainless revellers of that day did not hedge his house some night with swords, and burn it to the ground, little satirist and all.

With the exception of a certain little unlucky trip to Calais, where he got arrested for venturing to draw the fortifications, Hogarth never went further from home than Puddle Dock, *en route* to Rochester, or Tottenham Road leading to Highgate. The faces he sought were to be found in Covent Garden, looking out of sedan chairs in St. James's Street. To-day he was at the cock-pit; to-morrow he will be at Southwark Fair; anywhere that he can place his hand on one human heart and feel its pulsations—mental physician that he is! Fools and knaves dread his lancet, as much as if it were a sword, for he detests folly and baseness of all kinds.

It was here, to the square of the Elm-trees, that the dogged little painter brought his pretty loving wife, whom he had married clandestinely, braving the big-wig of her father, Sir James Thornhill, the great empty court painter, who decorated (as he called it) the dome of St. Paul's, and did his best to spoil that wonderful Wren's nest. Here his future enemy, squinting, foul-tongued, bitter Wilkes, probably visited him, with the degraded clergyman, Churchill the poet, perhaps as he appeared in Vauxhall Gardens under the strings of lamps, and among all the painted people and the ambling, lisping old fops, in blue coat edged with narrow gold lace, white silk stockings, and three-cornered hat—as great a dandy as that heartless genius Sterne himself.

Yes, here, just where Sablonier's Hotel rears its stuccoed hulk, stood Hogarth's home, where little Garrick came in of evenings, flushed with his tragic triumphs, arm-in-arm with Fielding, the king of English novelists. Here our little sturdy satirist fretted at his pictures not selling, railed at the "black old masters," and chiselled and grooved on his copper plates, an eternal record of the vices of his artificial age.

But now, leaving Hogarth, and stepping from under the shadow of the golden head which stands over his door, let us cross the fields and visit the great portrait painter, the Devonshire man, Sir Joshua Reynolds; where, in some back room, we shall find Dr. Johnson puffing over his twenty-third cup of tea, and discussing the beauty of the Duke of Richmond's eyes, or listening to one of Sir Joshua's lectures, to be delivered to-morrow

at the Royal Academy, at Somerset House. Observe how, when he is pleased, the doctor rolls about his whale-like body, and makes hideous faces of Polyphemus pleasure at that ugly man with the bumping full forehead and uneasy look, who tries in vain to get in word. That is Goldsmith, the Irish poet, who has his great poem of "The Traveller" in his pocket, and burns to read it; but Boswell, who has taken too much claret at one of Reynolds's slovenly dinners, will take care he does not, for he is goading on the doctor in whispers, to a discussion upon art, directly Reynolds has finished.

Presently, when Miss Reynolds's duties at the silver tea-urn are ended, and the doctor's mighty appetite for that intellectual beverage—tea—is sated, there will be an adjournment, with a procession of golden glowing lamps, to the painter's show-room, where, perhaps, some delight of our own is throned on the easel, the carmines and pearl greys still luminous and wet. It may be some admiral, bluff and stately, in blue and gold; or some belle of the day, her powdered hair rising in a fragile mountain above her sparkling eyes and her peachy cheeks. It may be Sir Joshua himself, ruffing in his crimson doctor's gown, his sagaciously twinkling eyes peering through silvery spectacles, that scar on his upper lip showing still where he so nearly lost his life, (falling down the rocks at Majorca.) Quietly patriarchal Sir Joshua is here among his painted children—a very grand old bachelor indeed—one who has, by his cultivated mind and polished manners, done much to elevate the noble profession to which he belongs. He will quarrel with Gainsborough and Wilson, and be rather shy of Hogarth, who, however, soon passed from his orbit; but, say the worst, he is a true honest gentleman, whose name no meanness or baseness blackens, but who perhaps was not quite so fervid and chivalrous in his impulses as some men of more fiery temperament would desire.

We will not follow Reynolds's house into the possession of the Earl of Inchiquin, because he was a nobody; but go on to mention that, in 1763, next door to Hogarth's old house, lived that great surgeon John Hunter, who here began to arrange his museum. Here, in winter, he gave his evening conversaziones to all the big-wig physicians, dividing his house into a lyceum for philosophical disputation, a lecture room, a snug dissecting room, a printing office, and a book shop where his medical works were sold.

And before we leave the square, so full of great shadows about night-fall, we may give a word to the statue of George II—a king who hated his father rather less than he hated his own son—which was put up in the square about 1754, by the Duke of Chandos, Handel's great patron, who had it brought from Cannons, ("Timon's villa,") his celebrated seat near Edgeware. It was for this Duke that Handel composed "Esther," and "Acis and Galatea." This duke, glorified by Pope, married for his third wife a poor servant girl of an inn, whom he saved from being beaten by her husband, a drunken groom. The great house, which cost £230,000, is gone to dust; its site is ploughed over, and the duke himself is forgotten on his own domain.

To a thoughtful man, every stone of London streets is a grave-stone, and beneath it lie buried memories and legends, yet with life in them for those who love them, preserved as you preserve flowers between the leaves of a book, so that, though dead, they may still retain something of the colour of their spring beauty, something of their old fragrance. It does us good sometimes, in this feverish race and wrestle of ours, to look back. It reminds us that others have passed on the road we traverse; that other hearts have felt our sorrows, as others yet unborn will groan and ache with them. We are but the tenants of the old inn, that we call the world; others have sat where we sit, others will rule in it for their little hour, as we are doing. Why go panting to Babylon, to moralize about fallen pride and the mutability of things, when there is food for a wise man's life in one London street?

FRUITS OF THE REVIVAL IN ULSTER.

THE "12th of July," an anniversary dreaded in Belfast for its scenes of bloodshed, drunkenness, and outrage, passed over in 1859 in quietness. In those districts which had been termed "disturbed," Orangemen and Romanists were seen peaceably conversing, and expressions of kindness were interchanged. In the districts of the "Maze," Broomhead, Dundrod, Ahoghill, etc., the "12th," instead of being celebrated by processions, noise and dissipation, was signalized by great meetings for prayer and praise. In several districts of the county of Antrim, to which it had been necessary on former anniversaries to draft bodies of military and police, several of the publicans voluntarily shut up their houses in order that no interruption should be given to the religious services which were held in their vicinity. It is devoutly to be wished that the feelings of rancorous hate which have existed between the Orangemen and Romanists of Ulster for 169 years may at least be checked by the religious movement to which this cessation of hostilities was owing.

These moral results have been attested by persons whose authority will not be questioned. At the last Ballymena quarter sessions there were only four cases, all of an ordinary description, in the calendar, and the chairman offered his congratulations on "the manifest decrease in public crime, and the high moral tone which now pervades the community of this populous district." He added, "that it was not for him to say to what cause the elevation of morals should be attributed, but there was an undoubted improvement in such matters, and he sincerely rejoiced to see it." Chief Baron Pigot, a Romanist, expressed to the grand jury of the county of Down his satisfaction with the results of the revival, and his hope that a leaven so socially purifying might penetrate everywhere. Dr. Cuthbert, writing in the "Medical Times," asserts that drunkenness, blasphemy, lying, and malice have been banished from whole districts in Ulster. A head constable of police states that, in the extensive district with which he is acquainted, the great majority of family quarrels and other feuds for which it was

notorious have been reconciled during the last six months. Archdeacon Stopford testifies that "in some places the outward face of society is changed by a visible reformation." The Rev. W. M'Ilwaine, one of the strongest opposers of the movement, acknowledges "that it has been attended by moral results of a remarkable and beneficial character to society in general, and to families and individuals in particular." The Bishop of Down officially stated that "the religious awakening had been most marked, and attended with the happiest results among a large class of the nominal Protestants of the different denominations who were before careless and ungodly persons, accustomed often to spend their Sundays in public-houses or in drinking at home." He added, "My own experience in the discharge of my official duties gives me abundant evidence of the great and holy work now leavening my diocese." At a recent diocesan meeting at Belfast the clergy, in answer to the Bishop's queries, bore nearly universal testimony to the improved morals of the population. The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church affirm in their report "that the drunkard has been made sober, the libertine chaste, and the blasphemer and Sabbath-breaker devout." In our own investigations we received a mass of reliable testimony to the improved morals of the community, from magistrates, officers of constabulary, mill-owners and managers, shopkeepers, farmers, and employers of labour of every description. The change is more apparent in the rural districts and country towns; for in large cities moral agencies are slow in permeating the really debased and criminal classes of society, which are continually recruited by an influx of vicious elements from other places.

We are sanguine enough to hope that to some extent the religious and moral habits of the people will be permanently raised. But in all probability the opposers of the movement will have a great triumph. There are some of the so-called "converts" who are trusting in the physical prostration which they passed through, or who have been merely temporarily excited by the power of sympathy, or the contagion of example, and these, after a time, will relapse and grow "weary in well doing." The fear which fell on ungodly men may lose its repressive power, and sinners may return to their sins, rendered more desperate by the interruption. The whisky traffic may again flourish, and the calendar of crime again become heavy; but the fact will still remain, that many souls, precious beyond all earthly price, have passed from death unto life. Whatever is good in this great movement is unquestionably due to the Spirit of all grace, for no other cause is adequate to the production of such an effect. Whatever is evil is to be attributed to the infirmity and error of man. When we consider the extent of the work, its novelty to all who were concerned in it, and the ignorance of many who were the subjects and witnesses of it, the marvel is not that there should have been indiscretions and extravagances, but that they should have been comparatively few in number and limited in influence.

These affections, (referring to the prostration and other physiological accidents of the revival,) are no-

thing but the natural consequence of strong mental impressions on persons to whom such sensations are new, and who are unaccustomed to self-control. They prove the existence of deep feeling, but nothing more; and deep feeling, acting on persons of certain intellects, temperament, and habits, produces certain physical results, whether that feeling be religious or otherwise. Similar symptoms are continually witnessed as the effect of sudden fear or grief, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the fear of Divine wrath and the sorrow for sin may be at least as strong as any other emotion. The manifestations might doubtless, in most instances, have been suppressed if the ministers had understood how to exercise a repressive influence over the people before the emotions escaped from under the control of the will.—*Quarterly Review.*

"WHERE SLEEP OUR LOST?"

SUGGESTED BY TIDINGS OF THE FATE OF THE CREWS OF THE
"EREBUS" AND "TERROR."

WHERE sleep our Lost? We asked in vain
Of the snowy berg and the arctic main:
Their answer was the withering blast
Of the sleet-storm-cloud hurrying past,
And the fitful crash of the frozen wave,
And the hollow moan of the icy cave,
"Where sleep our Lost?"

We watched for their return so long,
With a faith so true and a love so strong;
And we kept a vacant place for all,
By hearth and altar, in bower and hall,
Till the hands we clasped so firm in prayer
Dropped down in the calm of mute despair.
Where sleep our Lost?

There were cheeks which flushed like the rose's glow,
That leaned from the lattice to see them go;
There were waving hands of the young and fair,
And youthful brows with the golden hair;
But the cheeks grew wan and the tresses white,
While still we asked, through the voiceless night,
"Where sleep our Lost?"

And one by one did the watchers fail,
And the vigil-lamps burned low and pale,
And our tears had well-nigh stanched their flow,
When an echo burst from the halls of snow;
And we hushed our sighs and bent our ear,
And we held our gasping breath to hear
Where sleep our Lost.

Our Lost! our Found! our Loyal Dead!
On a stainless pillow ye lean your head;
Girt round with a spotless winding-sheet,
In the quiet rest which your God saw meet;
The toil achieved and the duty done,
And the battle o'er and the victory won.
Thus sleep our Lost.

There was One who suffered our Lost to save,
And who wrested the victory from their grave,
And the sting from death. O Lost and Found!
The place where ye sleep is as holy ground.
As the minster tomb, or the daisied sod,
For ye sunk in the arms of a Saviour-God.
So sleep our Lost.

No voice shall your quiet slumbers break
Till the trump shall sound, and the dead shall wake;
When the earth shall melt, and the heavens shall roll
Away like a scorched and shrivelled scroll;
And the gates of ice shall burst their chains,
And the frozen seas and the snowy plains

Give up our Lost!

J. C.

VARIETIES.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.—“Ah! that’s the one that went eight feet into a solid butt of elm,” said Sir William, seeing me take up a shot for examination that lay in the office. The gun was first tried on the hills above Allenheads, in the rear of Kilhope Law, where the range is wide enough to obviate all fear of mischief. Afterwards it underwent rigorous trials before incredulous military officers at Shooburness, who had at last to confess that not a gun in all her Majesty’s service could equal it; and now we know that a thirty-two pounder has sent its shot more than five miles, the weight of the gun being less than one-half of the ordinary thirty-twos, while the durability is far greater. Leaving aside all speculations as to the possible destruction and damage at distances of five miles or more, the Armstrong gun demonstrates its superiority and utility, if only by restoring to artillery the supremacy of range which it should have in the field. Since rifles were improved, artillery-men have not been able to keep out of range; but the Armstrong gun overshoots the new rifles as far as ordinary guns overshoot the old musket, not to say farther, and therewith war will perhaps be satisfied, at least until new tactics are invented.”—*White’s “Northumberland.”*

QUALIFICATIONS FOR SUCCESS AT THE BAR.—Can you live alone? Can you keep away from temptation in the midst of forced idleness, or can you create occupation for yourself? Can you live for years without the daily solace of household affections? Can you bear up against trial and sorrow without aid or sympathy? Can you sit patiently for years in court or chambers, and see younger men passing you? Can you bear to see inferior men succeed, when you, a man of talent, have never been afforded an opportunity? Can you go on believing, until you are greyheaded, “that there is a good time coming, wait a little longer?” Can you do all this without becoming intemperate, bitter, soured, or misanthropical? If you can do all this, you may safely go to the bar, for with such qualities you might conquer an empire. Nevertheless, a career at the bar will try you in all these points; and rare man you will be indeed if you pass through the ordeal without some marks of the fire.—*Thomson’s “Choice of a Profession.”*

THE LATE LORD MACAULAY AND MR. ADAM BLACK.—When Mr. Adam Black, M.P., commenced the new edition of his “Encyclopaedia Britannica,” Lord Macaulay felt so strong an interest in the undertaking, and so warm a regard for his old friend the publisher, that he said he would endeavour to send him an article for each letter of the alphabet. This generous offer the noble historian’s failing health and various avocations prevented him from fully realizing; but he sent five articles to the “Encyclopaedia”—memoirs of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and William Pitt—the last being the latest production from his pen.

THE GRANITE QUARRIES OF ABERDEEN.—The working of the quarries in Aberdeen commenced 250 years ago; but little progress was made for 100 years. The houses in Aberdeen were constructed principally of wood till 1741, when, a fire taking place, the town-council ordained that the fronts of the houses should be of stone or brick. In 1764 granite was recommended for paving the streets of London, and was used for Waterloo Bridge in 1817, and subsequently for the docks at Sheerness and London Bridge. There are upwards of twenty quarries supplying the different varieties of granite: the blue, the red or Peterhead granite, the light red, soft grey, and white. The granite, for the most part, lies in irregular masses in the quarries, and generally of a columnar structure. The quarrying is principally carried on by blasting. The drainage of the quarries is chiefly accomplished by means of siphons of lead-pipe from 1 to 2 or 3 inches in diameter. The quarries are not worked to any great depth, though the best and largest masses are found at the lower

depths; and proper mechanical contrivances for working deeper might be used with advantage. With reference to the durability of the granite, there appears no appreciable decay; on the oldest specimens of several hundred years the tool-marks are as sharp and fresh as at first. The tools used in dressing the granite for a long period were hammers, picks, and axes only; but in 1820 steel chisels were introduced, which effected a considerable improvement. Machinery was tried for dressing, but it failed, being in the form of a planing machine, the granite requiring a distinct blow to separate the parts. The number of workmen employed in the quarries is about 500 daily, and the number of horses about 50. About 50,000 tons are quarried annually, of which about 30,000 are exported; and the export is increasing at the rate of 500 tons annually.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE FROM FRANCE.—This project of making the descent upon Rouen was in the end successful. The King and Queen arrived at Rouen, embarked on board the riverboat; they then re-descended it to Havre, but had to make a short step from one quay to the other to get on board the English steamer. And here it was that the King was very near betraying himself by overacting the part of an English bourgeois anxious to return home. It was evidently of the utmost importance that, in a place where he was so likely to be personally known, he should keep himself quiet and endeavour to escape observation. Instead of which, I hear he was bustling about, exclaiming loudly, “Where is Mrs. Smith? Where is my old woman? Come here, my dear!” He was, in point of fact, recognised by a fishwife on the quay, who screamed out, “Tis the King, who is making his escape!” But it was too late to stop him; he was already under the protection of the English flag: the ladder was at once loosened from the quay, and the vessel, with all her steam well up, pursued her course at full speed.—*Lord Normanby’s “Year of Revolution.”*

AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON.—I had not been two minutes in the drawing-room before Tennyson walked in. So unlike are the published portraits of him, that I was almost in doubt as to his identity. The engraved head suggests a moderate stature; but he is tall and broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes of southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest-voice never could have come from Italian lungs. He proposed a walk, as the day was wonderfully clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep comb of the chalk cliffs, and slowly wandered westward until we reached the Needles, at the extremity of the island, and some three or four miles distant from his residence.—*Bayard Taylor.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WOLFE.—Dr. John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was a midshipman on board the “Royal William,” serving in America in the year 1759. He happened to be on duty in the boat in which General Wolfe went to visit some of his posts, and to take soundings, the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign in Canada. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in, and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General with much feeling repeated nearly the whole of Gray’s “Elegy” (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding, as he concluded, that “he would prefer being the author of that poem, to the glory of beating the French to-morrow.” To-morrow came, and the life of this illustrious soldier was terminated amid the tears of his friends and the shouts of his victorious army. The fall of Quebec was the immediate consequence of this battle.